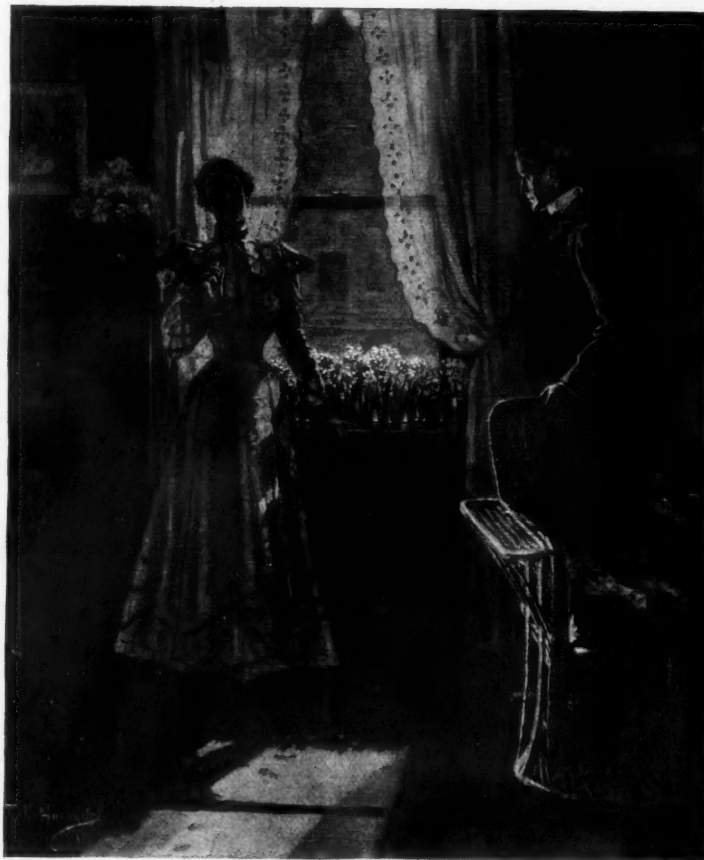


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·LIFE·



COLUMBIA IS GRATEFUL.

The Disappointed Volunteer.

HE never reached the battle's front
To fight for Freedom's cause;
He never heard the screaming shells,
Nor stared into Death's jaws.
They left him lying back in camp
Until the war was o'er,
To drill each day until his arms
And feet were very sore.
He dined on pork and beans,
And hardtack, round and square,
With coffee black as ace of spades,
And much too strong, I swear.
He never heard the battle's roar,
Yet need he not despair,
For, though of war he cannot tell,
He can tell of war fare.

James Walter Shettel.

A Palpable Hit.

OSMOND: Well, thank Heaven,
you've never seen me run after
people who have money.

DESMOND: No; but I've seen people
run after you because you didn't have
money.

A Way to Make Portraits Interesting.

OUR British-American weekly contemporary, *Literature*, is publishing a series of portraits of authors. It is a pastime in which most of the picture papers indulge from time to time, and there is no harm in it. It does, however, contain the germs of an embarrassment. It is easy to start such a series, because there are always some distinguished authors whose right to lead off cannot be in dispute. Their portraits, to be sure, are already familiar, but we all see them cheerfully again. But the more interesting portraits are those that are less familiar, and there comes a rub, for, while it is easy to get portraits which are familiar but not interesting, and easy to get portraits that are unfamiliar, it is not easy to get such as are at once unfamiliar and interesting. To get novelty without sacrifice of distinction is what is wanted by the promoters of such enterprises. It can be done if one knows how. For example. There was *Literature's* portrait of Mrs. Humphry Ward catching

an idea, and an interesting picture it was. And there was its portrait of Mr. Robert W. Chambers smoking a cigarette—a fine picture, which we were all glad to see. Yet, pleasing as they were, both pictures were so familiar that the valuable element of news was missing from them. But put them together so that Mr. Chambers and his cigarette appear arm-in-arm with Mrs. Ward and her idea, and how greatly the value of both pictures is promoted! *Literature* is welcome to the suggestion thus illustrated, that the success of its series of portraits may be greatly helped if it will employ some competent hand to group its subjects. If, when Mr. R. H. Davis's turn comes, *Literature* will combine him suitably with Mr. Poultney Bigelow, a very striking result may be obtained. And so Mr. Godkin and Captain Mahan would go well together, and perhaps Mr. Bourke Cockran with Anthony Hope.

THE difference between tragedy and comedy is merely a matter of tense. Tragedy is the present, comedy the past.



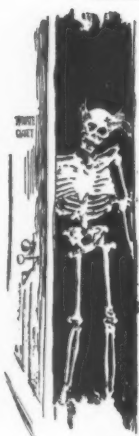
"While there is Life there's Hope."
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BY all odds, the most conspicuous of our public men at present is Secretary Alger. He is conspicuous in a very dazzling company. The President has not lapsed into obscurity, General Miles and General Shafter are back again, Colonel Hay is coming home to be Secretary of State, Senator Hoar looms up as a possible Ambassador to London, Judge Day, Justice White, Editor Reid and Senators Davis and Frye are newly distinguished as Peace Commissioners, and Colonel Roosevelt occupies an unusually large segment of the stage as a candidate for Governor of New York. There is no lack of men to look at, but General Alger gets more attention than all the rest. Probably he would be glad to spare some of it, for there is a question in every glance that goes his way. The question is, Are you to blame? and in the end the country will be sure to want an answer to it.

To blame for what? For mismanagement of the military part of the war! There are things that happened at Santiago and before Santiago to be accounted for, and many things that have happened since on our own soil. There has been far too much sickness in our great camps, and, apparently, a shocking lack of means and methods to take proper care of our soldiers, both the sick and the well. We have clearly understood that fighting in Cuba in the rainy season was dangerous work, but we had not understood, until we saw it demonstrated, that living in military camps in our own country in summer was attended by dangers and fatalities comparable with what

might result from a summer campaign in Cuba. The government has money enough, land enough, climate in sufficient variety, food to be had for the buying. Therefore it is hard for us to understand why the work of distribution and provision has not been better accomplished. If regiments have suffered because their officers were incompetent, we want the blame for that to rest on those officers and the authorities who appointed them; but if the great trouble has been too much politics, and red tape, and favoritism, and general incompetency in the War Department, then we want the blame to rest with the War Department, and primarily with the Secretary of War. There is general consent to the opinion that General Alger has not been an efficient Secretary of War, and was not a fit person to be appointed to that office. What is still uncertain in the mind of the average observer is whether he has done so ill that he ought to be summarily discharged, or is in some measure the victim of a great emergency and a bad system, and should be let down easy. No just man wants to see General Alger made the scapegoat of a bad system, and of the long neglect by Congress of the interests of the army. On the other hand, no one wants to see our soldiers die because the War Department isn't worth its salt. So everybody keeps an eye on General Alger, and wonders whether his case demands action.



SOME unwise person has been writing from Brooklyn to the newspapers, urging that Congress be induced to make the day on which the protocol was signed a new midsummer holiday, in commemoration of the war with Spain. If we want more holidays, the Peace Commissioners can easily arrange to have a whole batch of them transferred to our calendar from Spain's. We can get all we want by right of capture, and Spain, if she is wise, will be glad to spare them. But we don't want any more national holidays. It is a great merit of the late war that our naval commanders, with a fine consideration for the welfare of our national industries, so contrived their two most notable fights that we may celebrate one of them on May Day and the other on the Fourth of July. Instead of

making a new holiday, we should possess our souls in thankfulness that the Fourth of July orators have an additional theme to hold forth upon.



BESIDES, this present war is not really over yet, and until it is, and we have harvested and threshed out its crop, it will be best for us not to exult over it with too much noise. When it has come to be recalled with fireworks and joyful oratory and general popular enthusiasm in Cuba and Porto Rico, and Manila and Honolulu, then it will be ample time for the eagle to spread himself over it at home.



IT is a pleasure to hear again from Professor Charles Eliot Norton. When he says what is timely and true the gain is direct. When he says what seems untimely or open to dispute the gain is indirect, for Senator Hoar or someone else comes along and makes edifying objections. In either case Dr. Norton promotes wholesome discussions. His latest deliverance was at the annual Sanderson Academy dinner at Ashfield, on August 25th. He talked about the war. He is as much as ever of the opinion that it was unnecessary and a public misfortune. He says its "black and brutal visage" was somewhat lighted up by the gallantry of our soldiers and their kindness after fighting, and by the efficiency and good luck of our navy; but he grieves at the "needless suffering our soldiers have had to endure in camp, field and hospital," and finds in that "a miserable spectacle of incompetency for which account must be rendered and penalty exacted."

Now, then, where is Senator Hoar? How is it, Senator? Is Dr. Norton right about this "miserable spectacle of incompetency"? Must we find in it new evidence of a disposition on his part to discover imperfections in the American people, or is it really somebody's fault that Uncle Sam, with millions in his pocket, can't seem to keep his home camps in decent condition, or to provide proper care and nourishment for his sick soldiers?



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS.
A PICNIC.

Enigma.

O SEER, to whom the earth is as a scroll,
Who knowest the marching stars
from pole to pole,
Who art familiar with the face of Fate,
The hidden springs of happiness and hate,
And whitherward life's devious pathways
lead,
One small enigma would I have thee read.

'Tis this—a maid, in whom compacted lie
The fleeting changes of an April sky.
Solve me her smile, her frown, the tremu-
lous stir
Of her smooth brow when the white
thoughts confer,
And all the witching waywardness of her!
Clinton Scollard.

An Anti-Abolitionist.

JONSON: I'se de Mistah Jonsing dat
wants toe hire laborers. Does yo'
want en job?

DOLAN: Oi did, but Oi've changed me
moind. An' bad cess t' th' mim'ry av
Abe Lincoln fer kapin' a dacint Oirish-
mon out av a job.



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Some Letters of Curtis's Youth.

TO read the rather belated volume of "Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight" (Harper), which George Willis Cooke has edited, brings vividly to one's consciousness how very far away were the ideals of Curtis's youth from the ideals of the youth of our time. The volume is more than one-third Introduction, and it goes over the well-threshed Brook Farm period, which has been the one romantic episode in the lives of a dozen New England worthies. Mr. Cooke makes the most of it, but, so far as we can discover, has little new to offer. It is always interesting to read about Dana, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne and the rest of that brilliant group in the strange period when they were playing at life with the zest of youth, and earnestly thinking that it was the real thing. How curious it is that in their cases, as in so many others, the play-acting of youth becomes one of the most impelling forces in their after-careers! In almost every notable career there will be found the distinct trace of something at which the boy played assiduously. Mr. Cooke puts it more solemnly, as follows: "What will give to youth visions, ideals and enthusiasms is worth

all other parts of culture, for out of these grow the noblest results of human willing, thinking and doing." Or, to make the personal application of it—without Brook Farm, Curtis would not have been a Mugwump.

THE letters of a boy of twenty are seldom of any permanent value, and those of the boy Curtis are not an exception. There is nothing in them to deepen or correct the admirable impression of Edward Cary's Biography. They show Curtis to have been a well-bred, sensitive youth, intensely interested in Music and Transcendentalism, and debating gravely with his elders about topics of which he was necessarily profoundly ignorant. He was evidently missing a great deal that a boy of twenty ought not to miss, as well as gaining a unique ex-

sand miles' journey in a skiff down the Ohio, camping by the way, and weaving into the narrative the history and traditions of that noble river and the territory which it penetrates. There are hundreds of books that do this for foreign lands, and Americans have written many of the best of them. But seldom is an American moved to do a similar service for his own country. Consequently it is a commonplace to say that we have no literary and historical associations worth mentioning. And yet let a man with the eye of Stevenson or Kipling cross our continent, and what they write sparkles with the kind of thing that our own writers have been too blind to see. The works of Parkman are a brilliant monument of the right sort of literary Americanism.

Droch.

TWO little negroes, attired in the scant, single cotton garment used in the far South, were playing, and one gave offense to the other, to which the latter retorted: "If you do that again I will kick you so high that your clothes will be all out of date when you come down."

Worse Still.

THE GIRL: I caught a bad cold and was discharged from the chorus.

SYMPATHIZER: It settled in your throat, I suppose?

"No. In my legs."

BEAUTY is never more than skin deep; a good deal of it is only clothes deep.



Miss Van Gilder's betrothed: AH! THERE SITS MY DARLING, IN THAT DEAR, FAMILIAR DRESS!

perience with a handful of brilliant people; whether it was the unalloyed blessing that Mr. Cooke says it was, is very doubtful.

Curtis's life was a beautiful and inspiring one—beautiful in its idealism, inspiring in its quiet, dogged persistency. The attrition of the world, which he took bravely and strenuously, ground out of him a great deal of nonsense that he picked up at Brook Farm and Concord. It is probable that in the light of his later wisdom he would have shuddered at the thought of having his boyhood's solemnities as recorded in these letters published to the world. They do credit to the boy, but add nothing to the impressiveness of the man.

AN interesting book of travel, of a kind which helps to make permanent the historic associations of our country, is "Afloat on the Ohio" (Way & Williams), by Reuben G. Thwaites. It is the record of a thou-



HIS MISTAKE, AND —

Literary Notes.

OWING to his having acquired a golfing arm, Andrew Lang has advised his publishers that he has fozzled his Saffron Fairy Book and has sublet the contract for its preparation to Mr. Quiller-Couch, one of the most expert finishers in the literary world. Mr. Couch will drop writing "The Might Have Been Edition" of Stevenson until he has completed Mr. Lang's book, the judgment of his publishers being that the Stevenson can wait, while it would never do to permit a Christmas to pass without a tinted tome of some kind from Mr. Lang.

THE stock in the Richard Harding Davis Company is almost ready to be marketed. In the allotment, preference will be given to young women subscribers at boarding school, as a graceful recognition of their services in making Mr. Davis a great writer. President Taylor, of Vassar College, we understand is negotiating for a block of a thousand shares, to be distributed among the pupils at the charming seat of learning at Poughkeepsie. Surely nothing could attract young women to a college more easily than the knowledge that all successful applicants for admission should receive one of these handsomely engraved certificates.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE'S new work, "The Purple Spaniard; or, the Cuban Cucumber's Revenge," is to be published in book form as soon as it has been received from the painters. Mr. Crane has been so busy at his work as a correspondent that he has had no time to color his adjectives himself. As a result of this he has sent the manuscript to a well-known decorating concern on Union Square, who have had a force of ten house painters at work upon the author's pages for the past ten days. It has been stated by one who has seen the work that, out of the seventeen thousand adjectives and thirteen thousand adverbs in "The Purple Spaniard," no three are of the same hue.

A CURIOUS accident to Mr. Hall Caine while traveling recently in Germany shows what a dangerous thing it is for an author with red hair to wear a beard. Mr. Caine was returning to his room late one evening recently and was suddenly appalled to find



A STUDY IN ASTRONOMY.

himself drenched with a pail of water. Investigation showed that the drenching was caused by a nervous old lady living on the same floor, who mistook the more or less lurid glow of Mr. Caine's face in the otherwise dark hallway for the beginning of a conflagration, and acted accordingly.

WHEN he is not kaisering, the Emperor William is quite a dabster at literary work. He is said to be anxious to edit the Memoirs of Bismarck about to be published, and has said privately that he would give the Iron Cross to be allowed to write a version of the Memoirs in words of one syllable, this to be the exclusive edition for German consumption.

THE explanation of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's sudden taking up of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam instead of confining himself to original work is now said to be that original work—work that is the result of mental concentration of a rigorous nature—is bad for the hair. Thinking gives one a hot head, and an overheated pate is a bad place for the raising of a successful crop of curls. We cannot vouch for the truth of this explanation, but it is one of the most plausible yet advanced.

MR. GELETT BURGESS, of "Purple Cow" fame, is now in London interviewing himself for the British newspapers. He has been well received by everybody, and is prominently mentioned for the laurel in case Alfred Austin yields to the popular desire that he shall either die or get a divorce from his Muse.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S great novel, "What Maisie Knew," has been catalogued among the books of reference in the library of the British Museum, the librarian having discovered that Maisie



ITS RESULT.

knew a great many things worth knowing that are not mentioned in the Encyclopædia Britannica or in Chambers's "Book of Days." The book, however, is not to be promiscuously used by those who seek knowledge at this library. It has been ruled that it shall not be placed in the hands of children under twenty, nor given to anyone else except on presentation of a prescription from a physician of undoubted position.

I NEVER saw the preacher's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine.
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches I shut mine.

War Fables.



OMPELLED by fear of public opinion to confer military rank upon a distinguished political rival, the President (of Labragascar) considered what to do next.

"If I send him against the enemy," he mused, "he may return at the close of the war with such glory that I shall be quite extinguished in it; if I keep him in camp there is no hope of his getting shot."

In his perplexity he consulted the Secretary of Re-election, who, having duly perpended the matter, delivered judgment as follows:

"May it please your Excellency, there is but one way out of



1898.



1899.

IF THOSE FLAT SCARFS CONTINUE TO GROW IN POPULARITY AND SIZE.

this dilemma, and although it is so full of peril that I hardly dare to suggest it, yet I pray you remember that in great emergencies great men accept great risks. We must make peace."

They made peace.

AN SPANISH General having surrendered without resistance was honored by his American Conqueror with a grand review. As corps after corps of the victorious army marched past the reviewing stand the captive's delight grew visibly and audibly.

"I do not understand," said the American General, "how you can find matter of joy in the vast number of your enemies. I had hoped that it would plunge you into the deepest dejection."

"My friend, you must pardon me for disappointing a just expectation," said the Spanish General, courteously repressing his hilarity; "but, naturally, the adversity of your country does not appeal to my compassion."

"Adversity?"

"Consider the pensions."

AN Oppressed People, loudly proclaiming the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, made its moan to the Land of the Free for deliverance from the tyrant's chain. The Land of the Free sent her sons to liberate the Oppressed People. In doing so they had the good fortune to capture the tyrant's chain, which they valued highly as a trophy of the chase. After returning to their own country the lightness of their luggage suggested an inspection, when it was discovered that the tyrant's chain had been stolen by the Oppressed People, who whiled away the tedious hours of the ensuing centuries of independence by fitting it to one another's neck.

Ambrose Bierce.

The Ally of Our Enemy.

FIRST SPANISH STATESMAN (gloomily): If we had only known of this powerful ally, and waited, we might have won in the end.

SECOND STATESMAN: What ally do you mean?

"The Great American Transport Ship."



AN EARLY DEPOSIT.



PULITZUS NUNDANUS.
Scavenger. Eats anything, and grows fat on filth. Vindictive and noisy, but harmless.



REEDUS AMPHIBIOSUS.
State of Maine.

A powerful swimmer, but never long under water; makes a great deal of noise and knows what he wants.



MACROPUS CROKER.

Tremendous high jumper, with murderous paws; omnivorous, often eating his own friends.

A WOMAN always wants a man to do what she doesn't want him to do. If he does she loves him.

He Did.

RURAL RAGGES: Say, Tatts, do you think it's right to raise the price of beer?

TRAMPING TATTERS: I dunno, Rooney. I've been trying to raise the price of one fer a week.

ENTER FATHER: Ah, Mr. Call, I got out of bed and procured some refreshments for you, as you must feel faint and exhausted. You see, it's seven hours since supper.

HE: Did you know that Mrs. De Brown was an advocate of cremation?

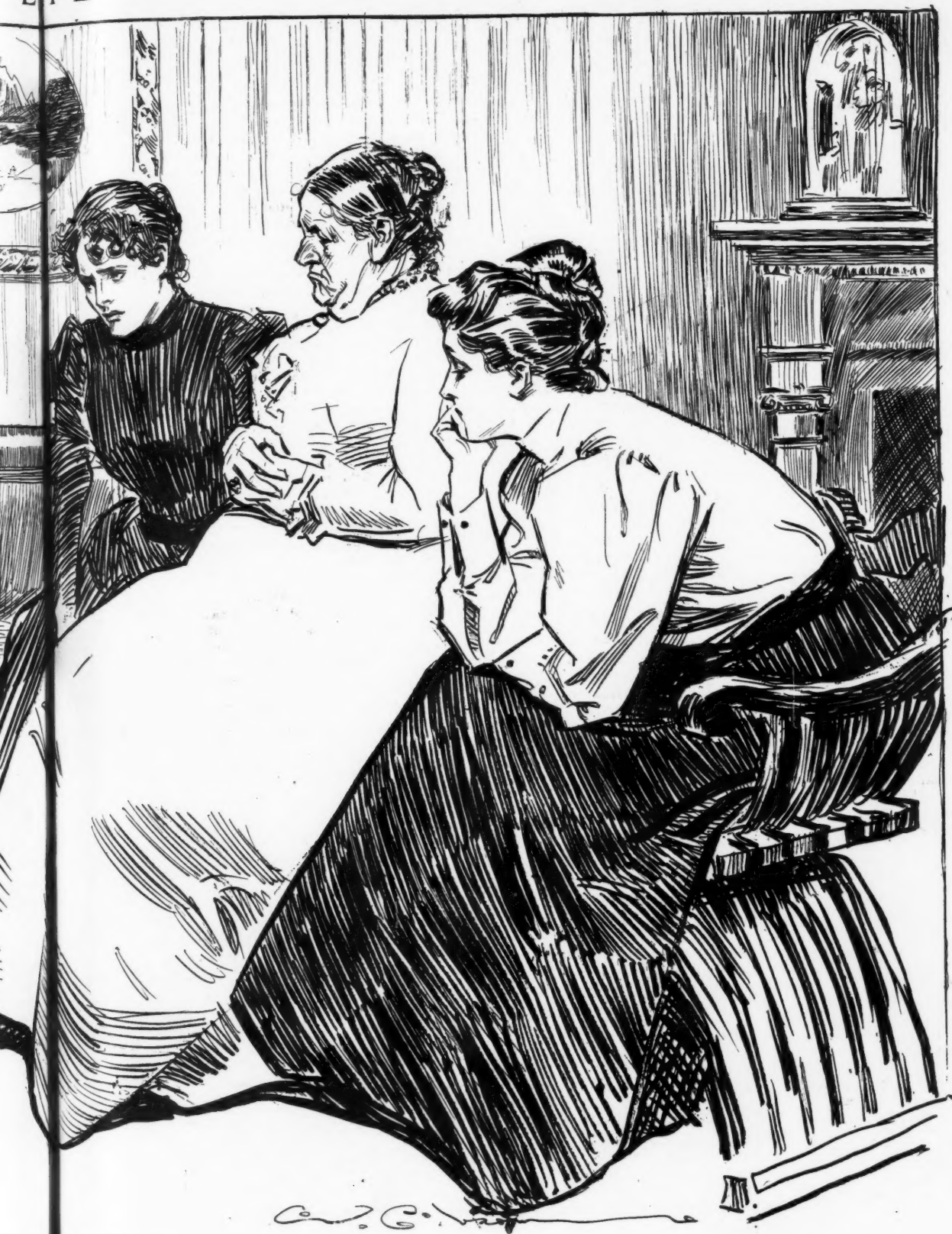
SHE: Oh, yes; she has even selected the words from Scripture to be placed on the urn containing her ashes.

"Indeed; what are they?"

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

LITERATURE would pay better if there were not so many dead men still in the business.





THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

AND IS SEEN BY MRS. PIPP AND THE GIRLS.



The Month with an R.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The month of September is here, and the curtain is about to rise on the dramatic season of 1898.

Actors and oysters, you will observe, appear at the same time. The public is glad to see the oyster and the actor is glad to see the public, which latter gladness is not always reciprocal. The oyster's feelings in the premises we have no means of ascertaining, but like the

actor, it may safely be assumed, he does not care to be roasted and is not ambitious to be in the soup. But it has been a hot summer, and let us welcome both actors and oysters as a grateful relief from the grim realities of war.

mer, and let us welcome both actors and oysters as a grateful relief from the grim realities of war.

AFTER the first performance of "A Runaway Girl," Mr. Augustin Daly must have sat down and scratched his head as a slight relief to his wearied and puzzled brain. What should he do to please this peculiar public? He had given them Shakespeare handsomely mounted and well acted, but without profit to himself. He had lately given them adaptations from the German such as they formerly liked and paid for, only to have the critics sniff and the public stay away. He had given them eccentricities of the stage which had pleased London and Paris, only to find that they were caviare to New York. The only financial comfort he had found was in pieces like "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl,"

whose frothy words, frivolous music, lace-trimmed petticoats and silken hosiery appealed to the intellect of America's metropolis.

Therefore, "A Runaway Girl." But the puzzling part to Mr. Daly's understanding lies in the fact that "A Runaway Girl" arouses no enthusiasm among the "Johnny" contingent which gave such warm welcome to its legitimate ancestors, "The Gaiety Girl," "The Circus Girl," and other British productions of the Gaiety ilk. A little contemplation will show Mr. Daly the reasons for this apparent fickleness. The day seems to have gone by—happily—when a piece becomes a success in New York simply because it was a success in London. The early successes of this sort rested on that fact, and were largely due to the pretty girls imported simultaneously and who gave us our first notions of skirt dancing as a fine art. The later successes, and there were some failures as well, owed their vogue to intrinsic merit in book and music.

"A Runaway Girl" lacks the novelty of the Gaiety idea and its intrinsic merit is microscopic. To a musical play, at least one or two good voices are essential. The vocal efforts of Mr. Daly's company are, to put it mildly, painful. The fun is British—enough said. There are, however, interpolated a few jokes which first appeared in LIFE's columns years ago, and have since done service in the columns of Mr. Daly's programme (without credit). They were received with the reverent silence due to their old age.

The piece is well mounted and costumed, and has the aid of a numerous and fairly

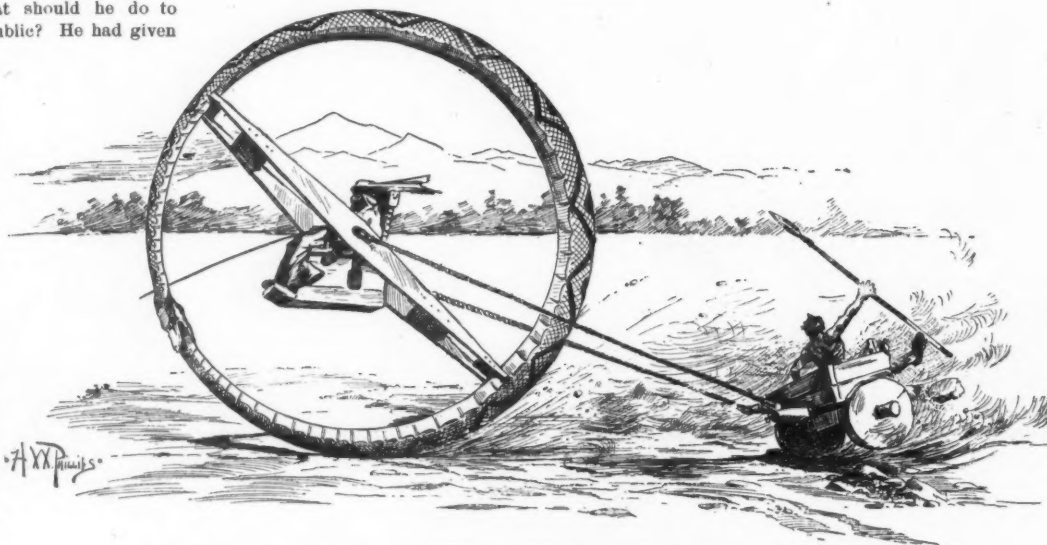
good-looking collection of young women, who are for the most part American imitations of the Gaiety person. Mr. Daly has also gone into Soubretteville and lifted Miss Yvette Violette and Miss Paula Edwardes from its depths. Their dramatic halos do not yet shine with the celestial effulgence to be expected in the case of Peris who are permitted to enter the gates of Mr. Daly's theatrical paradise.

Mr. Daly's company struggled with the material at hand and was heavily thrown. Mr. James Powers came very near being amusing in places. Miss Earl was vivacious, and gained applause for a song directly modeled on her former success, "A Little Bit of String." Mr. Cyril Scott and Mr. Herbert Gresham are both capable artists, and did all that could be done with the material at their disposal. The rest of the company, including Mr. Daly's new recruits, tried to be enthusiastic with parts interjected for no reason except the Gaiety writer's unique idea of devising silly characters who are not funny or ornamental, and have no reason for existence save to crowd the stage and create salaries for their impersonators. Anything sillier than *Poloni* and *Creel* would be hard to imagine.

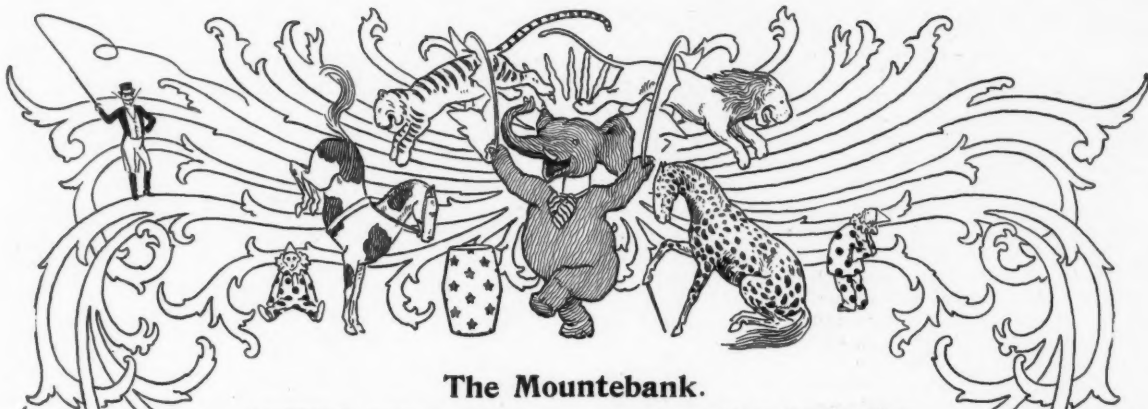
If "A Runaway Girl" should run away from New York for good and all, thus making room for "Cyrano" and some of the other good things promised at this theatre, Mr. Daly and all the rest of us would be gainers.

Metcalfe.

LIES of statesmen all remind us we should make our lies sublime.



THE GIGANTIC HOOP SNAKE NOW SERVES AS A BICYCLE IN THE KINGDOM OF UNYANGUMBOYAMBI.



The Mountebank.

"*ENTREZ, Mesdames et Messieurs!*
Entrez! The world's famous fortune-teller, Mile. Clara La Pause, is waiting for you!"

With a flourish of his long, hairy arms, a mountebank on the boards of a booth was encouraging his audience to consult the oracle within, while the roll of a drum and the harsh notes of a battered key bugle punctuated his language. The country fair of Nonce, near Orleans, was at its height. On the square all the catchpennies of human credulity were lined up. Midst the explosion of firearms, the squeaks of steam organs, the roars of wild beasts, and the hoarse shouting of showmen extolling the attractions of electric women or bearded ladies, the crowd fluctuated, to be swallowed, part here, part there, by some one of the shows.

The mountebank in front of the fortune-teller's booth was in his element. From time to time he brandished a heavy stick toward the drummer and the bugler. Then the drum would roll with greater fury and the wheezing of the bugle become more frenzied. Nothing could be in greater contrast than the dignity of the mountebank, with his long, disheveled gray hair and bushy eyebrows, and the comical appearance of the two musicians—the bugler a fat woman, more enormous in faded tights, patched here and there, and with an overflow of flesh which her green corsage did not suffice to compress; the drummer a boy with a head too big for his body, which was lost in a bright-striped jersey. But on the faces of the three—the stalwart mountebank, the fat woman, the boy with the big head—the same indefinable

expression could be traced. They were father, mother and son La Pause.

The La Pauses had been mountebanks for generations, and, with the same instinct which makes birds migrate to warmer climates, they followed the sun, coming north with the spring, returning south when the leaves began to fall. Thus their years were a perpetual spring.

In the *roulotte*, a large cabin on wheels inside the tent, Mile. Clara La Pause told fortunes from two to six in the afternoon and from eight till eleven at night. Her father, with the help of Madame La Pause and the boy with the big head, attracted customers to the entrance. As a crowd, like *moutons de panurge*, follows its leader, Father La Pause had engaged a young fellow to bait the customers by being the first to enter. He was Pierre Boudin, a tall chap with an open face, whom Father La Pause met one day at a fair at Arles in the south of France. "A good find, that Pierre! A good find!" the old mountebank had exclaimed more than once. And he was right. Since Pierre had entered the family, business had increased and the outlook was rosy. At night, when the show was over and the smoky lamps of the other booths were blown out, laughter could still be heard from the fortune-teller's *roulotte*; and the tired neighbors, stretching themselves on their cots, would exclaim: "Oh, those La Pauses, those La Pauses! What a lucky family!"

They certainly were happy. Father La Pause was robust, and, like all giants, simple and good at heart. The mother, with her florid face and shabby finery, was the kindest mother one could dream of. Jean, the son,

the boy with the big head, was, it is true, half-witted, almost an idiot, but quite harmless, and with a perpetual grin on his face when beating his drum. He cherished, he worshipped that drum; and at night, when everything was quiet, he would steal out, chuckling to himself, and wander about dreamily, beating his drum for hours, till a big voice—his father's voice—would be heard from the cabin: "Now, Jean, give us a rest! It is time to go to bed, my boy!"

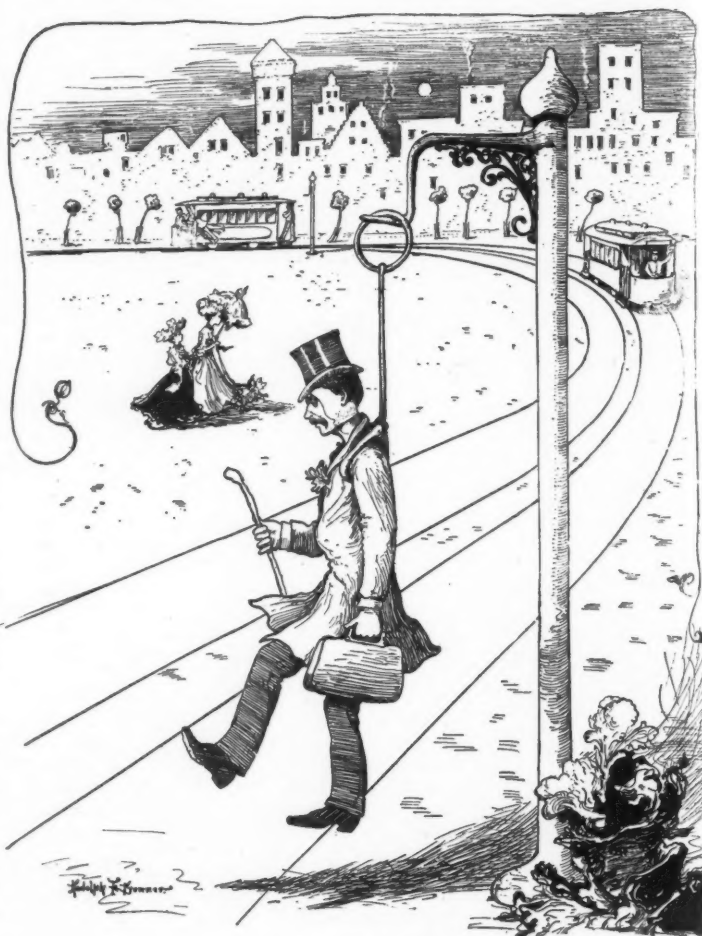
But the most important member of the family—the main hinge, the soul—was Mlle. Clara La Pause. A cripple by birth, poor child! Oh, the untold sorrow of the robust father and the fat mother when they discovered that their first child was deformed! But what they at first called a calamity turned out a piece of extreme good luck for them. The child grew to be a beautiful, strange creature, with two marvelously large, dark eyes, that seemed to look into the very soul of those on whom they rested. By what miracle this offspring of parents so massive and commonplace grew to be that slender girl, with such an exquisitely sensitive nature, is one of those anomalies which often puzzle believers in heredity. She was baptized Clara, "the bright one," and well she deserved the name. Always happy, always satisfied with everything and everybody, she was the joy of the little household on wheels. Very young she developed a gift so wonderful that she soon became famous throughout the country fairs. Whenever something was lost or went wrong in a country village, the people would exclaim: "Well, wait the return of Clara La Pause. She'll find it out."

She was not, however, an ordinary fortune-teller, making a living by playing on the credulity of the community at large. She did not read the past by the lines of the hand, she did not predict the future by cards. Oh, no! That humbuggery might be good enough for the less gifted, but not for Clara La Pause. Whenever a customer entered the *roulotte*, she would gaze at him, search him out with her wonderful eyes, then take his hand, and, while he spoke to her, close her eyes as if asleep. Then she would speak. Ah, she knew well the human heart—our poor human heart—this wonderful creature. She had seen nothing of the world, yet she knew so much about it, thanks to her unbounded imaginative power and her constant thinking. To those who came to her in trouble she spoke in a low, musical voice, and always sent them away comforted and more hopeful for what she had said to them. She was better than a physician—she cured the soul.

And while at Arles, one beautiful summer afternoon, she saw a young man enter. Her heart beat violently, and, when her warm hand clasped his, both trembled. She did not close her eyes, but remained there speechless, looking at him; while he, blushing violently, looked at her, his brown eyes filled with admiration.

It was love at first sight. It was as simple as it was touching. He, Pierre Boudin, was tall, strong and active; she was slender, weak, and a cripple.

He did not ask any compensation for his work; he just wanted to be near her; and shortly afterwards they were married. Oh, not without some objections from Father La Pause. But Clara ruled the family. She wanted him. Well, she should have him. And so the happiness of the La Pauses was increased by the happiness of this young love. Nothing could be more touching than the care the young giant took of his crippled little wife. When the show was over he would take her in his strong arms, lift her as tenderly as



UNIQUE IDEA FOR A CABLE CAR PASSENGER CATCHER.

a mother would her child, and carry her out into the night to enjoy the pure, cool air. Oh, those happy evenings spent together, he holding her on his lap, she her head on his large breast, her slender arms tied around his strong neck; while in the distance the boy with the big head beat his drum, chuckling to himself all alone in the dark.

But Pierre was an ambitious young man. He proposed to his father-in-law to add to their income by performing feats of strength in the enclosure near Clara's *roulotte*. Thus the customers would be amused and kept in line till their turn came for consulting the oracle. This new venture proved very successful, but, strange to say, Clara did not like it very much. From the small window of her car she could see her father and Pierre boxing or wrestling together, and Pierre performing the star act of the show by lifting a table on which three heavy weights had been placed. A strange sadness appeared in her face. She seldom sang now. "What's the matter, dear; what's the matter?" Pierre asked, anxiously. But she did not answer at first. At last one day she spoke: "I am afraid you'll hurt yourself." But he answered her with the strong laugh of a young giant.

This morning at Nonce, however, she begged him, almost in

tears. "I have had a dream. Oh, Pierre, do not perform this afternoon. I saw you crushed—crushed!" He took her in his arms and rocked her to and fro like a little child till she was calmer.

The old La Pause only laughed. "Pshaw! Woman's nerves! There's nothing in it, Pierre, we must work. You are not going to give in? You are not afraid?" Then, when he saw Pierre still hesitating, he whispered: "Tell her you won't, but we'll do it all the same." Poor little Clara! They didn't believe her warning.

That afternoon, in the midst of his star act, while Mother La Pause was blowing the battered bugle and Jean was beating his drum, while firearms were exploding, the steam organs squeaking, and the

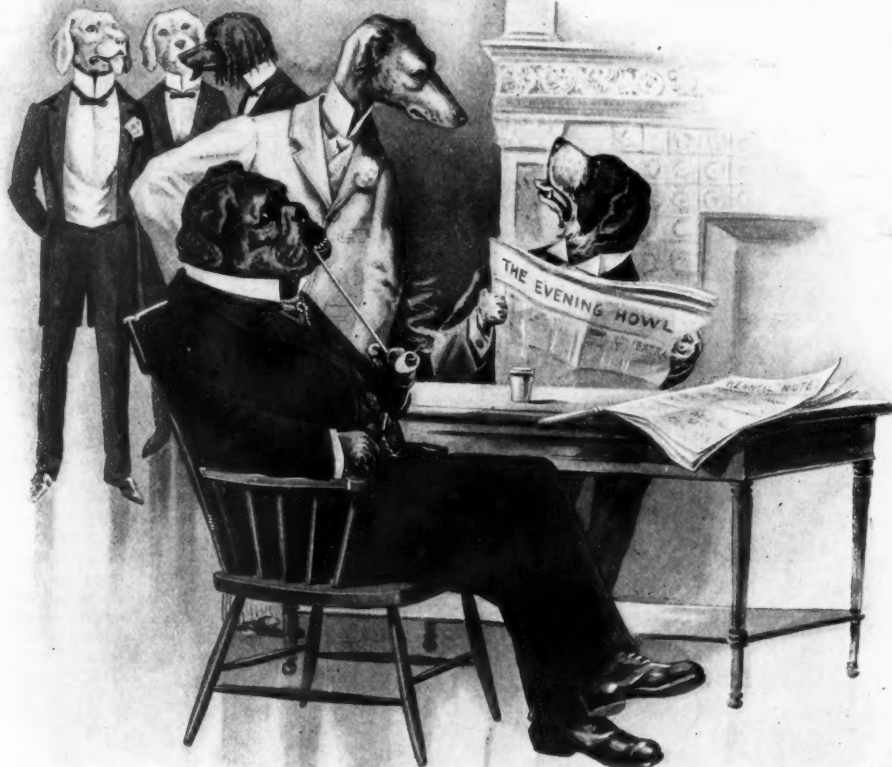
mountebanks shouting, Pierre made a misstep, slipped, and, with a soft thud, fell backward beneath the table and the weights. When they lifted him from under the pile they found him dead, with a little red muss around his lips.

They buried him next morning in a little cemetery on the hill. All the mountebanks were there, and during the ceremony a drum was beating dolefully in the valley. The booth remained closed that night. It formed a dark patch in the line of lighted tents, and the crowd would stop a moment in front of a large sign:

FERMÉ POUR CAUSE
DE DÉCÈS.

then pass by and soon forget the sudden and unpleasant sensation they had had in the midst of the noise, light and gaiety of the fair.

The next day the fortune-teller's booth was open again. Father La Pause stood there as before, and near him his



E. G. LUTZ

AT THE KENNEL CLUB.



FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

wife, in the same faded tights, with the same florid face, blowing distractedly into the battered bugle, while the boy with the big head grinned and beat his drum passionately.

Father La Pause motioned with his stick. The music ceased. The crowd listened eagerly while the old mountebank sang the fortune-teller's praises. "Think of it, ladies and gentlemen! She predicted the death of her husband!" And, turning to his wife, he asked: "Is it not so, you?" Poor Madame La Pause nodded affirmatively, then turned her head while she wiped away the tears.

"Entrez, Mesdames et Messieurs! Entrez!" shouted Father La Pause. But the crowd did not need to be urged. The news of Pierre's death had spread, and a long line had soon formed in the enclosure. "Good!" exclaimed the old mountebank, rubbing his hands; "very good! Business is brisk. I always said Pierre was a find—a great find!"

Gustav Kobbé and Andre Magnia.



SAFER.

If out of sight is out of mind,
Then, Phyllis, once surpass your kind;
Don't house me in your mental part,
But give me lodging in your heart.

—Chicago Record.

A LITTLE group of friends were telling poker stories in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel a short time ago, when a lawyer from central Mississippi contributed the following:

"You all know Judge — of my State, and if you know him well you will remember that, besides being an eloquent speaker, a clever lawyer, and a capital story-teller, he is always able to hold his own in a stiff poker game. Well, he was in a game in Washington, and there was a New Yorker who always played his hands pretty strongly, but had very little to say. Finally our friend, Judge —, opened a jack-pot for \$5, and the New Yorker, who was next in the hand, raised it ten. Then everybody else dropped out and watched to see if the Judge would stay. He looked up at the ceiling and asked in an absent-minded way: 'Did I ever tell you that story about Sam Quickly down in our State?'"

"Well, let's hear what you are going to do about this pot and then we'll listen to your story," remarked the New Yorker, with just a tinge of impatience in his manner.

"Sam was a mighty smart lawyer down in our State, and he was a bit of a wag. I don't remember that I ever met a man more ready with a reply under any and all circumstances than Sam."

"Well, what are you going to do about my raise? Let us know about that, and we'll listen to the Sam Quickly story afterward."

"The New Yorker's polite protests were entirely lost upon Judge —, who, with the utmost good-nature, and seeming obliviousness to the other player's impatience, told his story about Sam Quickly, which, although nothing wonder-

ful, was reasonably funny, and everybody at the table laughed heartily at it except the New Yorker.

"Well, what are you going to do about this hand?" he asked, rather crustily, as soon as the laugh which followed the story had subsided.

"I will see the raise and draw three cards."

"The New Yorker, whose turn it was to bet after the draw, stood pat and bet \$20 more."

"I call you on two jacks."

"I don't call that very good poker, though you do win, for I've got nothing but a busted flush; but how on earth could you call a play like that on two jacks?" said the New Yorker.

"Now, I'll just tell you. Your first bet of \$10 puzzled me. I didn't know whether you had a good hand or a four flush; but I watched you, and when I told a fairly good story and you didn't laugh even a little bit, I concluded that you were not sitting very comfortably behind that hand, even if you had given a \$10 raise on it. If you had only laughed, or even smiled pleasantly at my story, I would have passed without waiting to be asked; but when you looked so solemn and worried, I made up my mind I'd go broke on my two jacks." — *New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"I have heard that she walks in her sleep," said the gossip.

"Indeed!" returned Mrs. Parvenue, scornfully. "So common, isn't it? I should think she would ride."

—Chicago Evening Post.

PATIENT: Oh, doctor, if I could only die!

DOCTOR: I'm doing my best for you.

—Boston Courier.

THE DEAREST GIRL: What makes you old bachelors say such horrid things? Married men do not talk that way.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR: No; we only say what the married men think. — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WHAT is golf? A. A. Moore, who is himself quite a player, thus irreverently defined the game for the benefit of an Oakland Judge who was hearing a case involving the playing of golf: "I believe, your Honor, that the game of golf played in irregular fields or waste grounds with a small ball which the player tries to hit with a stick. If he succeeds in hitting the ball, he spends the rest of the day in looking for it." — *Wave.*

THIS is how the editor of the Humboldt (Kan.) *Herald* recently announced his marriage: "Mr. F. A. McCarthy (that's us), and Miss Nannie Fisher (that's more of us), were united in marriage Wednesday, July 27, at 10 a. m. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous repast, which we have only a faint recollection of. Some way, events seemed to crowd on each other then. And God has given us the best earthly thing within his gift. The joy in a sweet wife is too great to be described—too sacred to be spoken of."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN had considerable trouble with his first captains, who, though brave, were not amenable to orders. Among the most intractable was Captain Inglis of the *Belliqueux*—a Scotchman and a man of violent temper. Inglis had neglected to make himself complete master of the signal book, and on the morning of the battle found himself most puzzled than enlightened when he attempted to decipher the flagship's signals. At last, throwing it upon the deck, he exclaimed, in broad Scotch, "Confound the book! I'll wile the helm, and gang into the middle o't!" — *Ware.*

CITIZEN: I hear Mr. Office-holder is dead.

STATESMAN: Yes. He died five minutes ago.

"I dislike to show any unseemly haste, but I desire to put in my application for appointment as his successor."

"Walk into the other room and take your place in the line." — *New York Weekly.*

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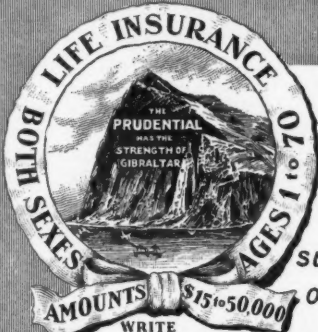
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RUINART.

"DOCTOR," said a man to his medical attendant, who had just presented a bill of thirty-five shillings for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?"

"Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor. "I think we can arrange that; what is your business?"

"I am a cornet player," was the reply.—*Golden Penny.*

NOT once out of a hundred times can an old colored man tell you his age, and even if he knew, he would be more than apt to make himself out much older than he really is. After middle life they all seem to feel that it adds dignity and very much increases their merits and value to be considered extremely old. The absurdity as to statements of length of years lived never strikes them. In a Southern family which always spends its winters in Washington lives an old man named Jeff, who has been with them and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. He is certainly pretty old himself, so his mistress was rather surprised this winter when he asked to have a few days off to go, as he put it, "up to de ole State of New Haven," to see his aunt.

"Why, Jeff," said the lady, "your aunt must be pretty old, isn't she?"

"Yes'm," he replied, "yes'm, my aunt must be pretty ole now—she's about 105 years old now."

"A hundred and five years!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, what on earth is she doing up there in New Haven?"

"Deed, I don't know what she's doin', ma'am," rejoined Jeff, in all seriousness. "She's up dere livin' wid her grandmother."—*Chicago Journal.*

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STRANGER: Is your society here very select?

ARIZONA AL: See them graves over thar? They was all filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitashuns. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A LONDON Journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription: "Kismet." The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared.

"Sure ma'am," said the girl, "would you mind tellin' me the m'aning of this writin' on the bottom of this figger?"

"Kismet" means "fate," answered the lady.

"Sure, an' is that it?" said the girl.

A few days afterward the housemaid came limping into her mistress's room.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Bridget?" asked the lady.

"Oh, ma'am, sure an' I have the most turrible corns on me Kismet!" said the girl.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied old man Klidder; "but I usually call it the courtroom. I've got seven daughters, you know."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE NEW BUTLER: And when do you get up in the morning, sir?

THE PROFESSOR: You can find that by looking in "Famous Men of the Time." —*Fliegende Blätter.*

IN the early days of W. S. Gilbert's success, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies, wrote to him of her approaching marriage with a young man of good position and family. Gilbert congratulated the young woman, and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and happy. A little more than a month passed, and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken, and that she had accepted another suitor. He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment, and again expressed his hearty wishes for her welfare. Almost two months after that, Gilbert received a third letter from the same girl, who informed him that young Lord — had proposed to her and that she had accepted him, after breaking her engagement with number two. Gilbert then wrote: "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with —." Here he placed an asterisk, and in a footnote added: "Here insert the name of the happy man." —*Argonaut.*

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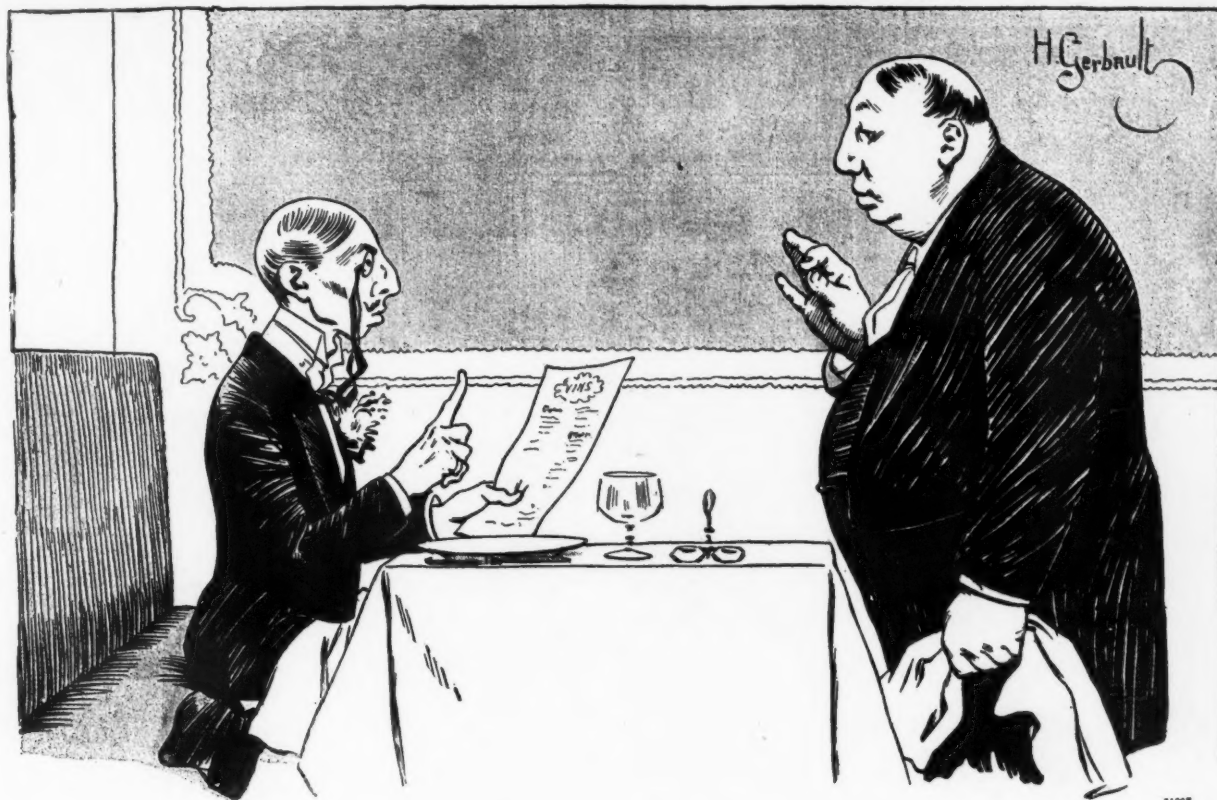
For the benefit of those who may desire to remain longer in Omaha, tickets will be made good to return on regular trains until November 15, inclusive. Such tickets include only railway transportation returning, with reduction of \$15 from above rates from all points.

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Villager (after dusting chair): WELL, YER SITS DOWN 'ERE, AN' YER READS ME A SHORT PSALM, YER GIVES ME A SHILLIN', AN' THEN YER GOES.—*London Fun.*

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